

GABBY HAYES

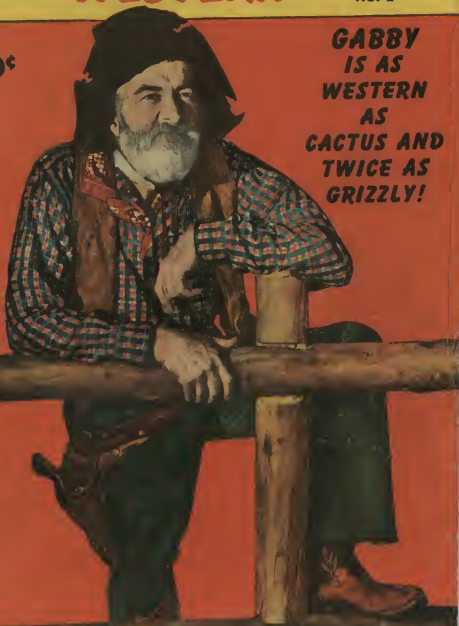
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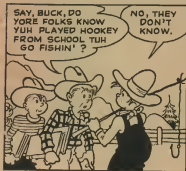
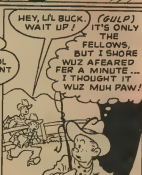
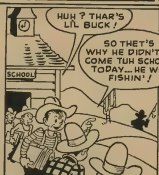
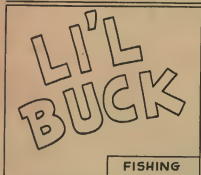
WESTERN

JANUARY
NO. 2

10¢

**GABBY
IS AS
WESTERN
AS
CACTUS AND
TWICE AS
GRIZZLY!**





GABBY HAYES WESTERN

A Fawcett Publication

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
ROY ALD



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•
GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.
PRESIDENT



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"BACHELOR OF SCIENCE"

"RODEO CHAMP"

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Plus

A
BUCK
DESMOND
SHORT STORY

MUSKETEERS
OF THE WEST!

January, 1949. Vol. 1, No. 2

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GABBY HAYES

*Blood runs cold
in this chiller-diller
epic of murder and
mountain lions, and
even stout-hearted
GABBY HAYES
"GETS
COLD
FEET"!*

DADBURN IT!
LOOKS LIKE I'LL
GET LION-BITE
AS WELL AS
FROST-BITE!



WHEN VICIOUS KILLERS STRIKE DOWN BAR O CATTLE,
FOREMAN GABBY HAYES AND HIS ASSISTANT, FRED
LARSON, GET MIGHTY ANGRY!

LOOK AT THE TRACKS.
MOUNTAIN LIONS
AGAIN!

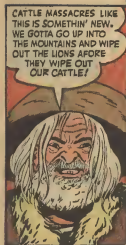
THEM ORNERY CRITTERS
ARE KILLING A HUNDRED
HEAD A WEEK!



IT'S
TOUGH TO
CATCH 'EM. SOON
AS THEY MAKE THEIR
KILL, THEY HIGHTAIL
IT UP TO THE
MOUNTAINS!

WE'LL
HIGHTAIL RIGHT
AFTER 'EM!
NO OVERGROWN
PUSSYCAT CAN
PUSH GABBY HAYES
AROUND! NO
SIRREE!





CATTLE MASSACRES LIKE THIS IS SOMETHIN' NEW. WE GOTTA GO UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS AND WIPE OUT THE LIONS AFORE THEY WIPE OUT OUR CATTLE!



GABBY AND FRED CLIMB HIGH INTO THE MOUNTAINS...

SNOW'S GETTIN' TOO DEEP FOR HOSSES! FROM HERE ON WE GO BY FOOT!



WE'LL SPLIT UP, CIRCLE THIS MOUNTAIN IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS, 'N' MEET ON THE OTHER SIDE!

BRRR! MIGHTY COLD UP HERE. GOOD THING WE DRESSED WARM!



THESE THINGS IS A DRATTED NUISANCE! MEN WASN'T BUILT TO WALK ON TENNIS RACKETS!

BE CAREFUL, GABBY! IF THE LIONS GET MAD, THEY'LL JUMP A MAN!



GABBY FLOUNDERS CLUMSILY ON THE SNOWSHOES, UNTIL...

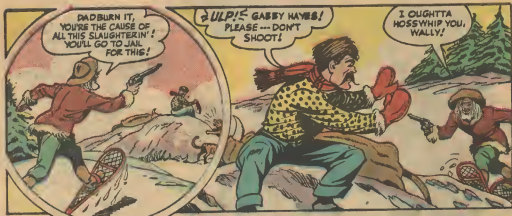
BALLS O' FIRE! CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES?



LOAD UP, KITTIES! ONCE YOU GET A TASTE FOR BAR O BEEF, YOU'LL WANT MORE!



IT'S WALLY BUGS, THAT SNEAKIN' WADDY I FIRED FOR STEALING!



DADBURN IT,
YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF
ALL THIS SLAUGHTERIN'!
YOU'LL GO TO JAIL
FOR THIS!

ULP! GABBY HAYES!
PLEASE--- DON'T
SHOOT!

I OUGHTTA
HOSSWHIP YOU,
WALLY!



DRAIT THESE
SNOWSHOES!
THEY'RE
TANGLIN' UP!



HAW! HAW! I SHOULD
KNOWN THE OLE COOT
WAS HARMLESS!

PLOP!



SOON...

YOU'RE
MY
PRISONER!

I ALWAYS KNEW
YOU WAS AN IDJIT!
WHAT'S THE IDEE OF
TRAININ' LIONS TO
KILL CATTLE?

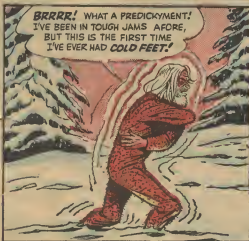
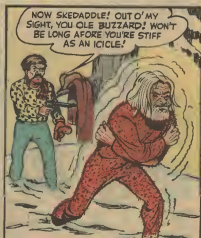


YOU 'N' THE
BAR O WAS MY
RUINATION! BECAUSE
YOU FIRED ME, I WAS
BLACKBALLED... CAN'T
GET A JOB! BUT
NOW YOU'RE A-GOIN'
TO PAY!



I'VE TAUGHT THE LIONS TO
SLAUGHTER YOUR CATTLE!
THE BAR O IS
DONE FOR!

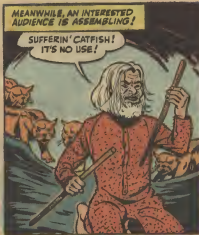
HOGWASH!

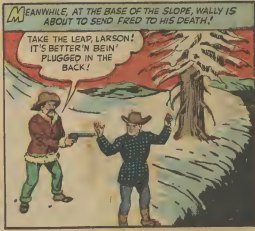
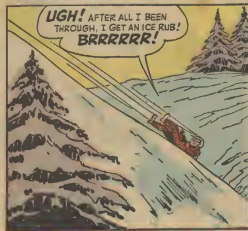
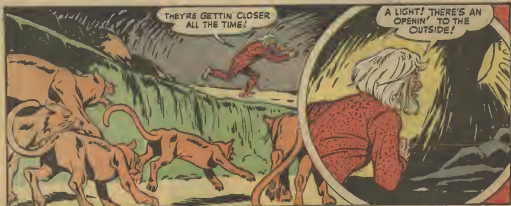


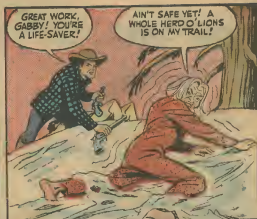
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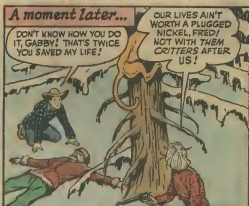


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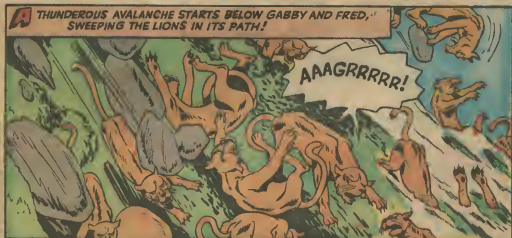
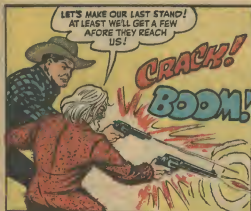


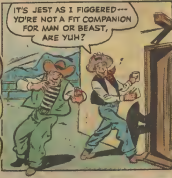
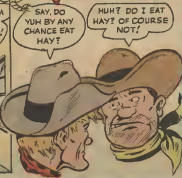






THEY GOT US TRAPPED! WE'RE ALMOST AT THE PEAK!

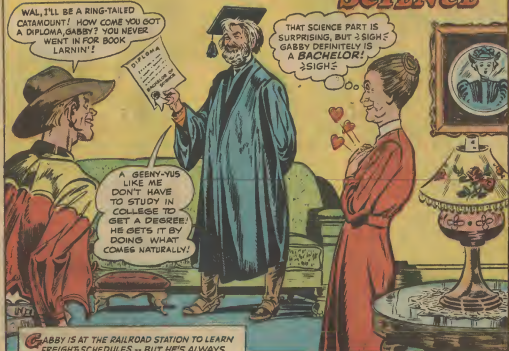




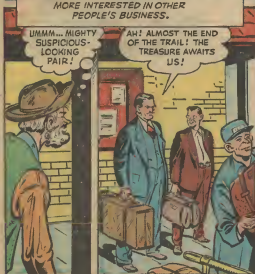
CAKE EATER

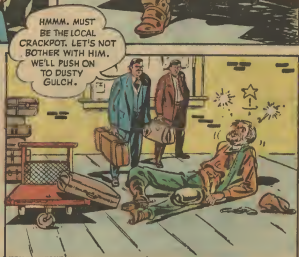
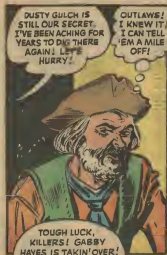


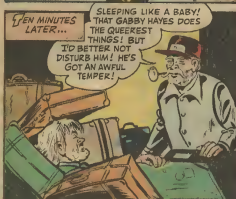
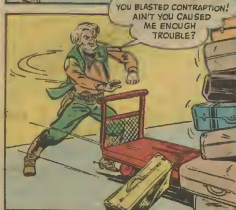
GABBY HAYES

Bachelor of
SCIENCE

GABBY IS AT THE RAILROAD STATION TO LEARN FREIGHT SCHEDULES -- BUT HE'S ALWAYS MORE INTERESTED IN OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.







CAN'T TAKE CHANCES
WHEN HESTER 'N' HER
VITTLES ARE AT STAKE!
I'LL GET SHERIFF
SLIM DAGGLE
TO HELP.



BUT SLIM IS NOT IN HIS OFFICE...

DADBURN
IT! WHY CAN'T
A TAXPAYER
GET SERVICE,
BODKINS?
WHERE'S YOUR
BOSS?

HUSH!

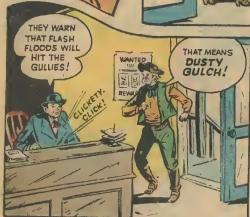


IT'S FROM PEAK
CITY! SAYS WARM
RAINS ARE THAWING
OUT THE MOUNTAIN
SNOW, AND FLOODS
OF WATER ARE
RUNNING DOWN!



THEY WARN
THAT FLASH
FLOODS WILL
HIT THE
GULCHES!

THAT MEANS
DUSTY
GULCH!



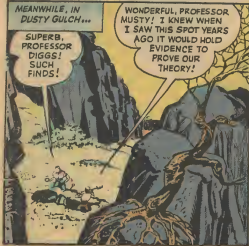
GET READY TO
RACE, CORKER!
WE GOTTA BEAT
THAT FLOOD
TO DUSTY
GULCH!



MEANWHILE, IN
DUSTY GULCH...

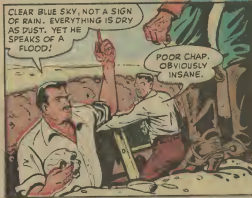
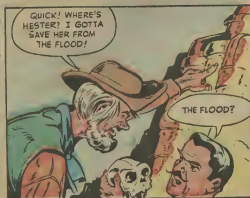
SUPERB,
PROFESSOR
DIGGS!
SUCH
FINDS!

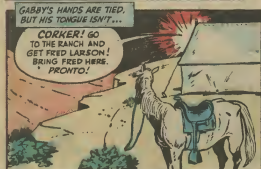
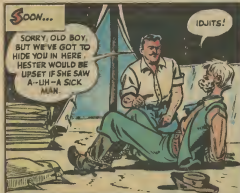
WONDERFUL, PROFESSOR
MUSTY! I KNEW WHEN
I SAW THIS SPOT YEARS
AGO IT WOULD HOLD
EVIDENCE TO
PROVE OUR
THEORY!

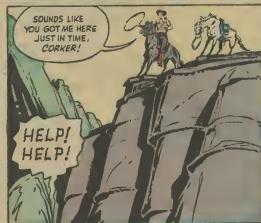


THESE PRECIOUS
RELICS WILL PROVE
THAT PREHISTORIC
MEN FLOURISHED
HERE!

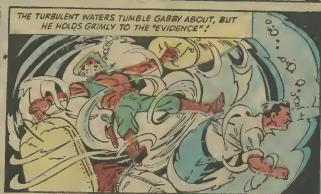
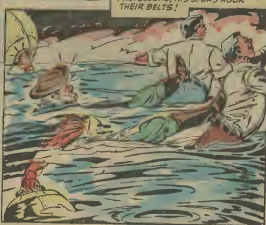


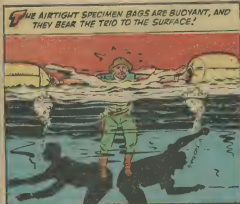






GABBY HAYES WESTERN





THE AIRTIGHT SPECIMEN BAGS ARE BUOYANT, AND THEY BEAR THE TRIO TO THE SURFACE!



HOLD ON, OLD WAR HOSS! I'LL DRAG YOU OUT!

FRED!



SAY! LOOKS LIKE YOU HOOKED A COUPLE OF FISH! SAVED THEIR LIVES!

HMPH! THEY'LL BE SORRY I SAVED THESE SACKS, TOO!



LATER, WHEN ALL ARE SAFE AND DRYING OUT...

THE CASE WILL BE OPEN AND SHUT WITH THIS EVIDENCE! I'LL BE FAMOUS WHEN WORD GETS OUT AS TO HOW I GOT THE GOODS ON THE KILLERS!



GABBY, YOU MUST MEET THESE CHARMING MEN WHOSE LIVES YOU SAVED!

POOR GULLIBLE HESTER'S BEEN DECEIVED. SHE'S IN FOR A BIG SHOCK!



MY OLD FRIENDS FROM THE EAST, PROFESSORS DIGGS AND MUSTY. I WAS GOING TO COOK FOR THEM FOR A FEW DAYS.

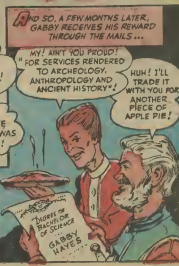
SIR! YOU SAVED MORE THAN OUR LIVES!

YOU SAVED OUR LIFE'S WORK! THOSE SPECIMEN BAGS YOU SO GALLANTLY CLUNG TO CONTAIN BONES A MILLION YEARS OLD!

SUCH A SERVICE TO SCIENCE!

YOU MUST BE REWARDED!

GULP! I LOOKS LIKE MAYBE I WAS WRONG!



AND SO, A FEW MONTHS LATER, GABBY RECEIVES HIS REWARD THROUGH THE MAILS...

MY! AIN'T YOU PROUD! "FOR SERVICES RENDERED TO ARCHEOLOGY, ANTHROPOLOGY AND ANCIENT HISTORY!"

HUH! I'LL TRADE IT WITH YOU FOR ANOTHER PIECE OF APPLE PIE!

WORTH OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
GABBY HAYES



ROLLING STONE

A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus



JIM MARSHALL, general manager of the Nevada Copper Company, looked up at Buck Desmond. His heavy-set face wrinkled into lines of disbelief.

"Lookin' for a job with Nevada Copper?" he laughed. "Buck, you're jokin'! You wouldn't take a steady job, if it meant bein' president of the United States."

But Buck Desmond shook his head, his face serious.

"No, Jim," he said. "I mean it. I've sent that youngster I picked up, Ricky Rover, to school in the East. And I reckon it's about time I started settling down. The best way I know to do that is to get a job. Have you got one for me in your outfit?"

The manager of the copper company shook his head slowly.

"Buck," he said, "we haven't got an openin' right now. An' even if we had—I'm not so shore I could give it to you. With yore ramblin' reputation the officers of the company might object. An' if you quit, they'd criticize me for hirin' a rollin' stone!"

"I see."

Slowly, Buck Desmond picked up his weatherbeaten Stetson. He smiled down at his friend. "Thanks anyway, Jim. And don't worry 'bout me. If I don't get a job here, I'll move on. Be seeing you!"

As the rambling cowboy swung a lanky leg over his pony in the street outside, a voice hailed him. Buck turned. Facing him was a well-dressed, smiling stranger.

"I hope you'll excuse me," the man said. "I happened to be walking past the copper company office and I overheard part of your conversation. You were looking for a job . . . and you didn't get one."

"That's right," Buck nodded.

"Well," the stranger continued, "I wanted to hire a good driver to do a little freight job for me tonight. It's only a temporary job, but it may lead to more work. The pay's good. Would you be interested?"

Buck scratched his head.

"I sure would," he said. "My name's Buck Desmond, Mister, and folks around here'll vouch for my driving."

"Good enough!" The well-dressed stranger reached up his hand and shook Buck's. "I'm Gregg Newton. The shipment will be

ready at nine in front of my hotel, right next to the copper company office."

"How about a wagon and team?" Buck asked.

"I'll hire that and have it ready," Gregg Newton said. "We'll be driving about twenty-five miles to the railroad station at Carger to catch the east-bound train. We'll transfer the merchandise to that!"

Buck tipped his hat and rode away. As he grew smaller and smaller, riding down the dust-hazed main street, Gregg Newton stood there watching him. Finally, the well-dressed stranger took out a slender cheroot. He lit it, and watched the gray smoke plume upward in the afternoon air.

Then he turned and went into the hotel.

AT nine o'clock, Buck was waiting in front of the hotel on the main street of town. A team of horses and a buckboard stood next to the hotel entrance. Then, suddenly, the man who had hired him came out of the building.

"Here on time!" he smiled. "Good! My boys'll be out in a moment with the shipment."

As he spoke, two brawny men shouldered their way through the hotel door, carrying a heavy box between them. At Newton's signal, they heaved it into the back of the waiting wagon. They went into the hotel again, and came out a second later with a second crate. That, too, was stowed into the wagon. Then Gregg Newton gestured with his thumb.

"All right, boys," he said, "climb in! And you, Desmond, take the reins. We're heading for the Carger depot just as fast as this team will take us."

Buck's practised hand slapped the leather strands against the broad backs of the well-matched bay team. Easily they moved forward.

SUDDENLY, Buck heard a shout behind him. He half-turned, and saw a man standing before the copper company office. It looked like Jim Marshall and he was waving his hand and shouting!

Before Buck could check the horses, Gregg Newton's hard voice interrupted him.

"Keep going, Desmond," he said. "Keep going, and don't stop for anything!"

A moment later, a shot rang out behind them and angry cries could be heard. Newton's hand suddenly produced a pistol. "Hit that team up!" the stranger said. "I hired you because folks told me you were the best driver in these parts and that you knew the trail to Carger like your own hand. Now . . . prove it or I'll press this trigger and take the reins myself!"

Biting off an angry retort, Buck lashed the horses before him. They responded with a burst of speed that doubled the wagon's pace.

"Good!" said Gregg Newton. "Now keep them going!"

Teeth clenched, Buck kept his hands tight on the reins and his eyes on the night-shrouded road ahead.

As the minutes and the miles flitted by, Buck's keen ears could hear the drum of hoof-beats on the trail behind.

"It's a posse!" one of the men said. "Should we let them have it, chief?"

Newton nodded. "Wait till they come within rifle range and then blast them. Remember, it's easier to shoot from a wagon than from a galloping horse." He pressed his revolver into Buck's side. "And you, Desmond! Keep that team going. Don't let up for a second!"

Bronzed hands tight on the reins, Buck Desmond kept urging the horses on, and fighting to keep the swaying wagon under control.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the rig topped a rise in the trail. There, a half-mile away, lay the town of Carger.

"There's your depot, Mister," said Buck.

Newton flung his arm out. "And there's our train, steaming in! Boys, we've made it! We'll be on that rattler with the boxes and away before the posse reaches town!"

Exulting, he slapped his hand against his knee. That momentary relaxation was all Buck Desmond wanted. He exerted all the strength in his powerful arms, and heaved to the right with the reins.

"The horses! He's tryin' to crash the wagon!" one of the men exclaimed.

Cursing, they fell upon Buck, smashing at him with their pistol butts. But he fought back, slammed a corded fist into one outlaw's face and drove his boot into the chest of the other. Then, mightily, he pulled again on the reins. The team swerved sharply to the left. The wagon followed them. It teetered momentarily on the shoulder of the road. One wheel was high in the air, spinning uncontrolled. Then the wagon toppled. As it fell, Buck Des-

mond jumped. From the corner of his eye, he could see the wagon turning over and over.

Then he hit the ground and darkness overcame him.

His head a sea of spinning pain, Buck opened his eyes. He was lying on the ground, his head supported by a folded saddle blanket. Standing before him, was Jim Marshall with the town sheriff and several other men.

"Jim," Buck said weakly, "I wasn't in with that gang—whatever it was they were up to."

"We know it, fella!" the copper manager grinned. "They rigged you in on the deal—an' from the way they were cursin', it was evident you crashed the wagon deliberately, rather than let them reach the train."

"That's right," Buck nodded. But what were they up to? What was in those boxes that they loaded on the wagon?"

Marshall thrust out his hand, exhibiting a gleaming, brilliant stone. "Diamonds, boy, diamonds! Those two thugs were workin' for our company down in the shaft. When they discovered a diamond lode, they knew they couldn't sneak the jewels out themselves. So they hid them in boxes of copper, an' marked the boxes."

"Then they got together with Gregg Newton, to figure out how to get out of town with the loot?"

"Right!" Marshall exclaimed. "They broke into our buildin', right next to the hotel, an' got the boxes. I found them then an' that started the ruckus. We had practically the whole town chasin' them, but we still wouldn't have caught 'em without you! You'll get a handsome reward for the capture of these outlaws."

"Thanks, Jim. I can sure use that money to help pay Ricky's expenses in school."

JIM leaned over. "Listen, Buck. If you still want to work, you can have yore choice of any job in the outfit. Just say the word an'—"

But Buck Desmond cut him off with a grin.

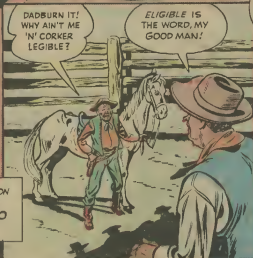
"No thanks, Jim. If *this* is what happens when I try to settle down, I reckon I'm better off being a rolling stone!"

THE END

BUCK DESMOND rides on to new adventures in every issue of **GABBY HAYES WESTERN!**

GABBY HAYES

CHAMP-OR CHUMP? It's all in the way you use your head!
 Gabby's noggin gets a joggin' in his battle to best two killers and become
Rodeo Champ!



DADBURN IT!
 WHY AIN'T ME
 'N' CORKER
 LEGIBLE?

ELIGIBLE IS
 THE WORD, MY
 GOOD MAN!

YOUR --UH--
 HORSE IS TOO
 SILLY-LOOKING!
 IT'S RIDICULOUS!

AND
 SO ARE
 YOU!

GABBY'S HEART IS SET ON
 PERFORMING IN THE
 SUN DAZE RODEO
 WITH CORKER...

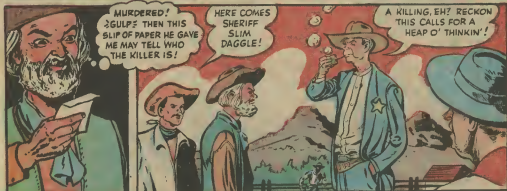
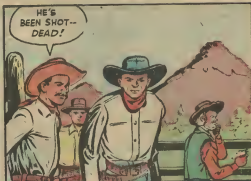


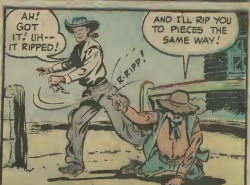
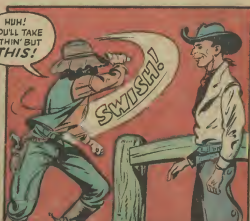
WILDFIRE'S TRICKS DELIGHT THE CROWD. THE NEXT EVENT FEATURES TIMMY TIMMS IN A BULLDOGGING ACT.

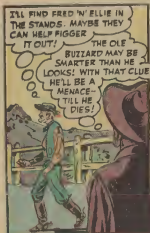


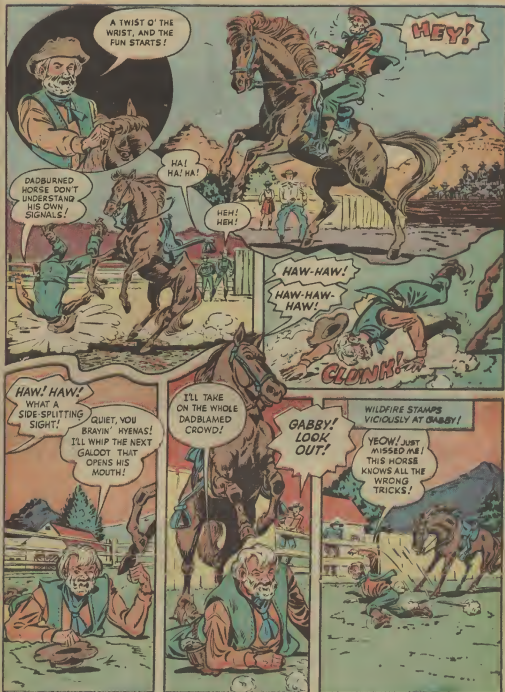
TIMMS CRUMPLES IN MID-AIR!













FRED'S ROPING SKILL SAVES GABBY...



A MINUTE LATER...

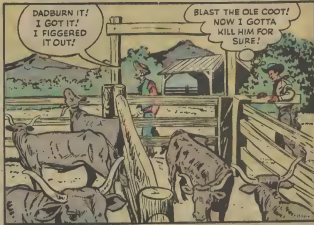
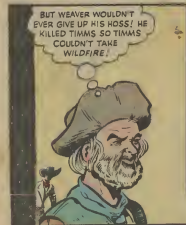
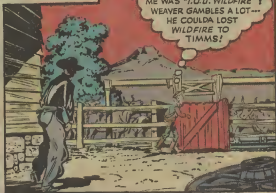
SOMETHIN'S PHONY, GABBY! HOW COME A GREAT HOSS LIKE WILDFIRE SUDDENLY WENT LOCO?

I DUNNO, FRED. I DUNNO!



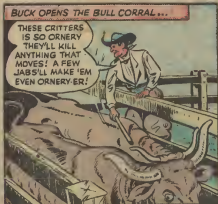
SDON, NEAR THE ANIMAL CORRALS...

HMMM... SUPPOSE THAT MESSAGE TIMMS GAVE ME WAS "I.O.U. WILDFIRE"? WEAVER GAMBLER A LOT--- HE COULDA LOST WILDFIRE TO TIMMS!



BUCK OPENS THE BULL CORRAL...

THESE CRITTERS
IS SO ORNERY
THEY'LL KILL
ANYTHING THAT
MOVES! A FEW
JABS'LL MAKE 'EM
EVEN ORNERY-ER!



(GULP!) GIT BACK,
CRITTERS!
GIT BACK!



THEY'RE
GAININ'!



MEBBE
I CAN HIDE
IN HERE!



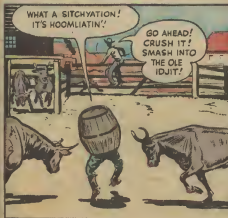
UGH!

WHUMP!



WHAT A SITCHYATION!
IT'S HOOMLIATIN'!

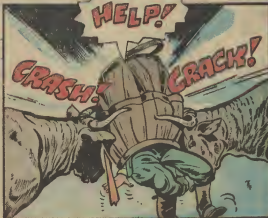
GO AHEAD!
CRUSH IT!
SMASH INTO
THE OLE
IDJIT!



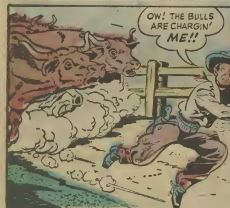
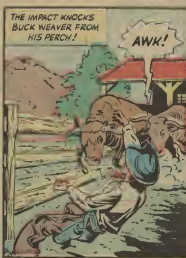
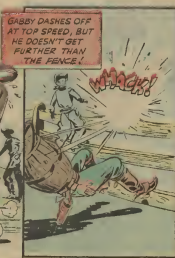
HELP!

CRASH!

CRACK!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



(ULP!) GABBY HAYES IS CHASIN' ME 'N THE BULLS TOO! AIN'T HE AFRAID O' NOTHIN'? AN HOMBRE LIKE THAT IS TOO TOUGH FOR ME!



SAVE ME! I'LL CONFESS! I KILLED TIMMS TO KEEP MY HORSE! 'N I TRIED TO KILL HAYES - THAT WAS MY BIG MISTAKE!



DON'T WORRY. YOU'LL BE SAFE IN JAIL. BUT IT'LL TAKE A HEAP O' THINKIN' BEFORE I UNDERSTAND THIS!

SOON...

RECKON I MADE A FOOL O' MYSELF!

DON'T LET HAYES GET ME, SHERIFF! HE'S INHUMAN!



GABBY! YOU WERE GREAT! THE RODEO JUDGE HAS SOMETHIN' TO SAY TO YOU!

I'D LIKE TO SAY SOMETHIN' TO HIM, BUT I'M TOO POLITE, FRED!

AHEM! HARUMPH!



GABBY HAYES, YOUR SHREWD DETECTING BROUGHT A KILLER TO JUSTICE! YOUR DARING IN CHASING BOTH KILLER AND DANGEROUS BULLS INTO THE ARENA WAS BREATHTAKING, SIR!



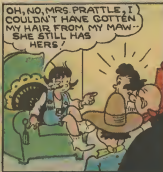
YOUR PERFORMANCE WAS MAGNIFICENT! THEREFORE, YOU RATE THIS AWARD AS RODEO CHAMP!

WELL, I'LL BE DING-BUSTED!



BRONKO BETSY

"TRANSFERRED"



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF GABBY HAYES WESTERN, published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1, 1948.

State of Connecticut 1 ss.
County of Fairfield 1 ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of GABBY HAYES WESTERN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 927, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Roy Ald, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Bagg, Kansas City, Mo.; Roger Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; V. D. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; H. A. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Rescue Kent Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. F. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett Trust, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. King, Oxnard, Cal.; Gloria Leary, Oxnard, Cal.; V. F. Kerr, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Eva Roberts, Seattle, Wash.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and

security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in case where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, if given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from duly publications only.)

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1948.

(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1953.)

MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST

THE
MUSKETEERS
AND THE
MOCCASIN

I'M WORRIED ABOUT LARIAT, BUCK. HE SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK BY NOW WITH THAT PONCHO HE WENT TO TOWN FOR. LET'S RIDE IN AND LOOK FOR HIM.

RIGHT, MARK. IT'S NOT LIKE LARIAT TO STAY THERE WHEN HE SAID HE'D BE BACK. I'LL DOUSE THE FIRE AND BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

WHEN A BAND OF SETTLERS PERISHED, LONG AGO, A FRIENDLY INDIAN TRIBE RAISED THE ONLY SURVIVORS, THREE SMALL BOYS. THOSE THREE BOYS GREW INTO MEN AND FINALLY LEFT THE FOSTER-HOME OF THEIR TRIBAL BROTHERS TO BECOME THE MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST... MARK, BUCK AND LARIAT. NOW WE FIND MARK AND BUCK OUTSIDE A SMALL TOWN...

AND SOON, MARK AND BUCK ARRIVE IN THE TOUGH FRONTIER TOWN, WHEN SUDDENLY---

NO SIGN OF HIM YET, BUT-- JUMPIN' CACTUS! LOOK!

IT'S LARIAT! HE'S GOT HIMSELF A PECK OF TROUBLE! C'MON, MARK!

THREE AGAINST ONE ISN'T OUR IDEA OF FAIR FIGHTING, PARDNER!

RECKON YOU VARMINTS DIDN'T COUNT ON LARIAT HAVING TWO FRIENDS!

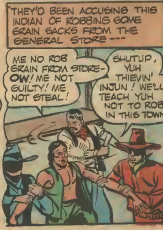
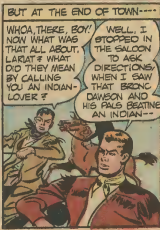
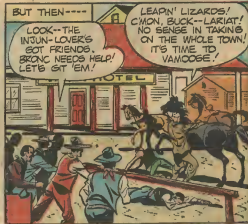
WHA-- OWOOO

UGH!

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH OF THAT, MISTER!

SHE

MARK-- BUCK-- I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU TWO!



WELL, I COULDN'T STAND
AND WATCH THAT, SO-----

HOLD ON, THERE! EVERY MAN
DESERVES A FAIR TRIAL! YOU
QUIT BEATING THAT INDIAN!
HE CLAIMS HE'S INNOCENT!



HUH?

THAT INDIAN IS
A DAKOTA!
THEY'RE A
TRUTHFUL,
HONEST
PEOPLE!



WHUT IF HE
IS A DAKOTA!
WE GOT THE
EVIDENCE ON
THE SKUNK!
THIS MOCCASIN
WAS FOUND AT
THE STORE
AFTER THE
ROBBERY, SEE
IT? THAT'S
ENOUGH
FER US!

WITH THAT, THEY JUMPED ME
BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE...."



AND NOW WE'LL TEACH
YUH TO MIND YOUR
OWN BUSINESS,
INDJUN-LOVER!

SO THAT WAS IT!
LARIAT, HOW WAS
THAT MOCCASIN
DECORATED?

WITH A LONG,
HEAVY STRIPE RUNNING
DOWN THE CENTER.
A SMALL T-SHAPED
CROSS-BAR ATOP IT!



THAT INDIAN IS INNOCENT AND WE
ONE IT TO OUR TRIBAL
BROTHERS TO GET HIM FREE!
LET'S GO FIND THAT
DAWSON AND HIS PAL!
THEY WERE AWFUL
ANXIOUS TO CONVICT
THAT INDIAN!

YAHOO!
HERE WE GO!
GIDDAP!



MINUTES LATER---

DAWSON---WE'VE
COME BACK TO HAVE
A TALK WITH YOU, THAT
INDIAN'S INNOCENT!

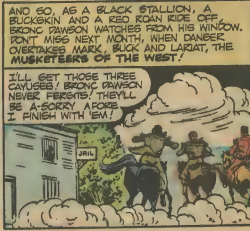
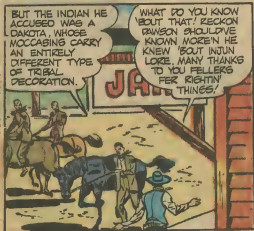
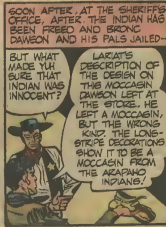
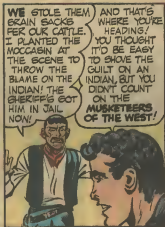
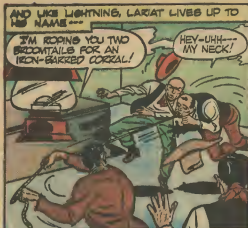
THEM AGIN!
LET'S GIT 'EM
FER KEEPS THIS
TIME!



YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO NEED THAT WHERE
YOU'RE GOING,
DAWSON!

OWOOO!
MY GUN!





GABBY HAYES

VS.

"FOUR-GUN FITTS"

RUN!
FOUR-GUN
FITTS NEVER
MISSES!

DON'T, GABBY!
HE'S A ONE-
MAN ARSENAL!

DADBURN IT!
HE DONE ME
SUCH A DIRTY
TRICK. A WHOLE
ARMY COULDN'T
STOP ME!

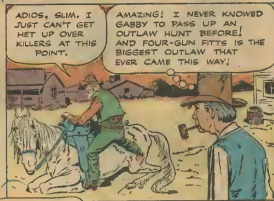


GABBY IS IN TOWN TO PICK UP A GIFT SENT FROM AUNT HESTER'S RELATIVES IN VERMONT!

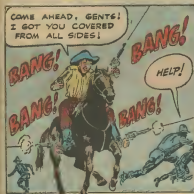
AH! THE ONLY
GENUINE MAPLE
SYRUP WEST OF
THE MISSISSIPPI
—'N' IT'S ALL
FOR ME.
HESTER
PROMISED!

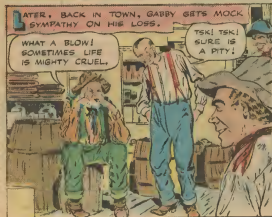
MMMMM ... I'M
GONNA SPEND
THE NEXT MONTH
EATING
BREAKFAST!

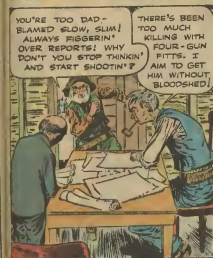


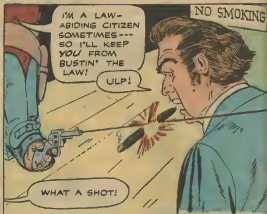
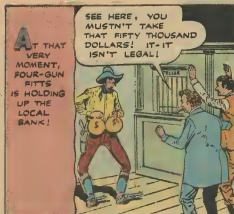


GABBY HAYES WESTERN









GABBY HAYES WESTERN

FITTS STEPS INTO THE
SPILLED GLUE...



HEY! MY TOES IS
STICKIN' TOGETHER!



I GOTTA WIPE THIS
STICKY STUFF OFF!
IF MY TOES STICK
TOGETHER I CAN'T
SHOOT WITH MY
FEET!



UHP! NOW MY FINGERS
ARE STUCK, TOO! I
CAN'T SHOOT ANYTHING!



CAN'T GET MY
GUN---BUT I'M
SO ALL-FIRED
MAD I DON'T
NEED ONE!

WITHOUT GUNS I'M
HELPLESS! I'LL BE
CAPTURED!



OOH! POOR GABBY!
I CAN'T BEAR TO
WATCH! FITTS WILL
MAKE A GIEVE
OUTTA HIM!

NO!
LOOK!

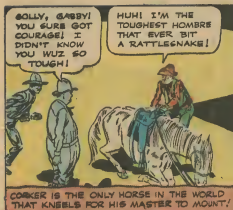


IF THE CROWD FINDS
OUT I CAN'T SHOOT,
I'M LICKED! I'LL
RUN FOR IT!

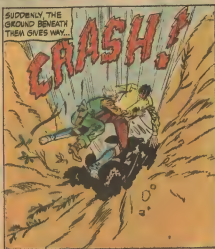
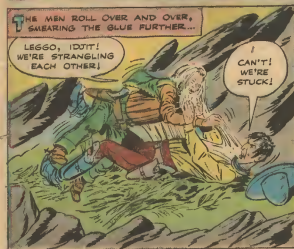
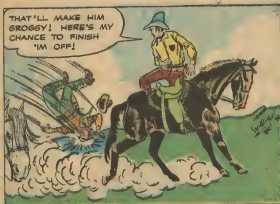
HA! COME BACK, FITTS,
AND FIGHT, YOU
ORNERY BUZZARD!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN

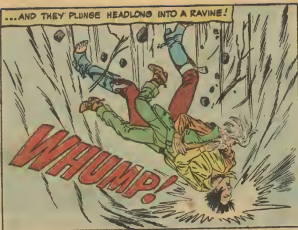


GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN

...AND THEY PLUNGE HEADLONG INTO A RAVINE!



HAI KNOCKED 'IM OUT--- BUT THE POLECAT IS STILL STUCK TO ME!

GOOD WORK, GABBY!



FIGGERED FITTS WOULD BE ALONG--- SO WE DUG THIS HOLE FOR HIM. WORKED RIGHT NICE--- AND NO BLOODSHED!



MOON RECKON I SHOWED THIS CONSERVED KILLER WHAT HAPPENS TO ANYONE WHO TAMPERS WITH MY VITTLES--- BUT THAT DON'T HELP ME GET MORE MAPLE SYRUP!

CHEER UP, GABBY! YOU GET FIVE HUNDRED SIMOLEONS REWARDS!



THAT'S A HEAP O' MONEY, GABBY. YOU OUGHTA INVEST IT!

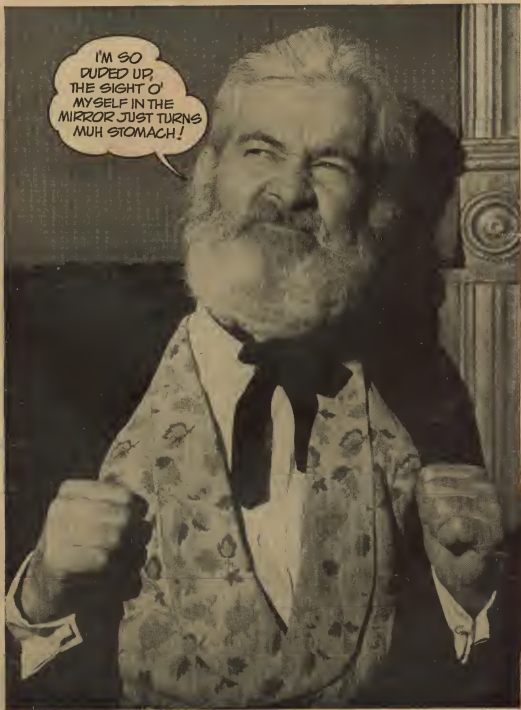
I WILL!



I'M GONNA INVEST EVERY CENT BY HAVIN' A CARLOAD OF GENUINE MAPLE SYRUP SENT TO THE BAR O! MUMMMMM!



I'M SO
DUDED UP,
THE SIGHT O'
MYSELF IN THE
MIRROR JUST TURNS
MUH STOMACH!



LET'S SEE NOW!
HOW MANY YEARS
HAS IT BEEN
SINCE I LAST
SEEN MY
NAKED FACE?

